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VOL. 61.—No. 51.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

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## MUSICAL SKETCHES.

BY H. E. D.

## No. 11.—THE CROSLINGTON GHOST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"With customary compliment."—*Winter's Tale* (Act I, sc. 2.)

Many years ago, I received one morning about a fortnight before Christmas the following letter:—

"The Priory, Croslington, Somerset.

MY DEAR R.—Where are you spending your Christmas? If you are not already engaged, and nothing better turns up, pray give us the pleasure of your company. We have no attractions to offer you beyond an exceedingly interesting old dwelling, a warm welcome, and a really genuine ghost! I know your weakness for old houses and ancient furniture, and also your curiosity in psychical matters and things of mystery. Here, then, is scope for you! Give us your opinion as to the origin of this old place, (antiquaries differ on the subject) and unravel, if you can, the mystery of our ghostly visitor.

"We hope you will come, and shall anxiously await your reply.—Yours ever,

"H. P. STAINFORD GREGORY."

I did not hesitate a minute in my reply to this welcome invitation. Our family was at the time somewhat broken up, many being abroad, and the rest, for the most part, staying with friends, whilst I was only too glad to get away from London for a short time, and especially to visit such a valued old friend as Stainford Gregory.

Then how delightful it would be to be staying at the old Priory! I had read so much about it in Collins' and other histories of the county, in my archaeological researches. And the Ghost, too! I had long wished for an opportunity to investigate for myself some ghost affair. Somewhat sceptical, as I was, like most men in such matters, I was yet open to conviction and persuaded that there was possibly much in connection with these alleged spiritual manifestations which we do not understand, and which is worth calm and careful investigation.

As to my friend himself, his kindness and good old-fashioned English hospitality were too well known to me (he had not always lived at the Priory) for me to doubt the sincerity of his welcome.

I therefore decided to go, but was delayed in my setting out until the morning of the day before Christmas Eve, when, after an early breakfast, I took my departure from my old chambers in Gray's Inn, and was soon in a train, rolling along the Great Western Railway.

It was late in the evening when I arrived at my journey's end, after a cold drive in a gig four miles from the little rural railway station. My friend and his amiable wife received me with generous warmth and hospitality. I partook of an excellent repast, and, as I was somewhat tired with my journey, retired early to rest, and slept soundly until morning.

I rose betimes and occupied myself in reconnoitring and exploring the old place. It certainly proved of considerable interest to me, the ancient doorways, chimney pieces and oak panelings being especially of quite an exceptional character.

At breakfast I found that the family simply consisted of my worthy host and hostess, and a Miss Amory, who was introduced as their niece. This young lady, by the way, was so delicate and feeble, and exhibited such a pensive, sad demeanour, that later in the day, when driving with Gregory to see the remains of an old castle in the neighbourhood, I took occasion to make enquiries concerning her.

"Ah!" he said, "it is a short story but a very sad one. Edith Amory (for that is the girl's name) three years ago was probably the most charming, light-hearted, vivacious girl you could have found in the county. Of her beauty there are sufficient remains to show you what it might once have been. Intelligent too, and possessed of a kind heart, as she was (and, for the matter of that, still is), is it surprising that she was beloved by all who became acquainted with her, and that her hand was sought alike by the rich, the high-born and the amorous? All of these she rejected, until there came one who, with passionate protestations of unbounded affection, laid at her feet, as he said, 'all that he had in life to offer,—his heart and his art.'

"He was a professed musician: young and handsome. His abilities were more than ordinary, and he was fast gaining reputation as a rising composer. She, too, was an enthusiast in music, and therefore there existed between them that sweet sympathy which often leads to, and assimilates with love,—if, indeed, it is not love itself.

"When the autumn time came, the young musician was offered an excellent appointment on the Continent, combined with the post of organist at a cathedral, and he decided to accept it. He went away in high spirits, and was to return in the spring to take back Edith

as his wife. But, alas! how uncertain is the fulfilment of all earthly hopes and the accomplishment of all human aspirations! Two months afterwards, at Christmas, there came the terrible news that he had been crushed to death in a panic at an opearhouse.

"The blow was a fearful one for the poor girl, and for a time her mind deserted her and she wandered about all day 'seeking poor Claude.' It was, indeed, a heart-rending sight. Soon she was seized with a brain fever and the physicians thought she could not survive it. But she recovered (as we are accustomed to express it), though only to be the wreck that you now behold her.

"She is an orphan and spends a great part of her time with us, and always comes to the Priory at Christmas. But she is too evidently drooping month by month, and our old doctor told me a few days ago that her heart is so weak that any strong emotion might at any moment cause her to breathe her last."

"How truly sad! But does she not find some comfort in music?" I asked.

"As soon as her mind came back," replied my friend, "those around her tried to induce her to return to her musical pursuits, but ever since her unfortunate lover's death she has neither played nor sung a single note. She seems resolved never again to do so and the doctors say that perhaps it is for the best that she should not.

"But let us leave so melancholy a subject," said Mr Gregory, and began urging on his horse with that peculiar sound produced by suction between the tongue and the roof of the mouth, and which by no combination of the letters of the alphabet can one possibly spell.

"That house beyond the meadows there," he continued, "is Squire Barrington's. There's Darton Church across the moor, and the parson's house a little to the right. Come up, Bess! Come up, old girl! This is called the Haunted Lane: why, I have never heard."

"By the way," I interrupted, "how about this ghost of yours? I shall be glad to have an introduction, you know!"

"Ah! yes, of course!" said Gregory. "This is Christmas Eve, too! You are determined, then, to investigate the matter?"

"Certainly!" I replied. "But, first of all, what are the known or alleged facts?"

"Well," explained my friend, "it is just like this. You see the old place has always had the reputation, so I am told, of being haunted. But it was only last Christmas Eve that I myself, by accident, found out something of the nature and haunt of our apparition.

"The missis and everybody else had gone to rest, and I was busy arranging some accounts and old letters over a last pipe and a glass of grog, until, I believe, about midnight, when, after seeing the embers of the fire safe, I took a candle in my hand and was proceeding to bed.

"In closing the door, however, I blew the light out, but did not stop to rekindle it. When I got to the foot of the stairs, what was my surprise and, I must confess, alarm to see a figure in white coming slowly and noiselessly down them. I stood aside in no easy frame of mind until it passed, and then hurried upstairs to my bedroom without delay. Once I ventured to look back, but the ghost had disappeared—whether, I know not. But afterwards, that night, my wife and I, and also one of the servants, distinctly heard weird sounds for which we could never account by natural laws.

"That it will appear again to-night I cannot say, but I feel positive for my part that my eyes were not deceived, and that I really saw what I have described."

Not to detain the reader unnecessarily, I will come at once to the description of my night's adventure. Mr Gregory insisted that I should have Barker, the gardener, to keep watch with me, and as I was glad to have a second witness in case anything appeared, I did not offer any objection. However, Barker was not the most courageous of mortals and did not by any means appreciate his duties.

"I doan't a-like this 'ere job, zur, not a bit!" said the old fellow, as we took up our position in a corner of the great hall commanding a full view of the staircase. "It's tarble danjus too, zur! I be awiz afeared o' them sprurrits, for there's no knowin' what and all they mightn't take into their heads to do. Besides, it do zeem to I like a temptin' o' Providence! Now give it up, zur, do 'ee!"

I was trying to persuade the old fellow that there was no danger, and that in all probability we should not see anything at all, when, as if to give the lie to my assurance, there appeared at the top of the old wide staircase a figure in white, which proceeded to advance towards us with a slow and graceful motion. Barker saw it as soon as I, and crying out "O lor! O lor! There it be!" took to his heels. The figure now came very near me and, passing down the hall, entered a room which my friends rarely used. I followed close behind, and went in also. At one end of the

room stood a small old-fashioned organ that at one time had belonged to the parish church, but had been replaced by a new one. It was a barrel instrument, but with a key-board, and arranged so that the wind could be supplied either by the hands of a second person or by the foot of the player.

What was my surprise to see the figure advance and begin to play softly, and with exquisite skill and feeling, upon the old instrument. I was so entranced by the sweetness and pathos of the music that I almost forgot, for the time, the peculiar circumstances under which it was performed, and under which I listened.

Soon the figure stopped playing, and, leaning forward on the book-rest, was silent and motionless.

I now recalled myself. It was too apparent that there was nothing supernatural in what I saw. It was some person indulging in a freak or playing a practical joke on myself.

I had provided myself with matches, and now, anxious to discover the perpetrator of this Christmas hoax, struck a light, and, with a triumphant laugh, stepped forward.

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, as I observed the features, "Miss Amory! In a state of somnambulism! — Good heavens! No! It is the sleep of death!"

Too true! But what a picture was that! The fair maiden in her snowy vesture leaning on the old organ, with the wavelets of her ample hair rippling over the ivory keys! No ghost was there—for it had fled! The spirit of the sweet but hapless Edith Amory had left a world of discord for the realms of eternal harmony.

#### MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.

The last of the Subscription Concerts, given during the year—at which students, past and present, have had opportunities of appearing before the public—was held at the Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, December 13th, when the artistic results were so satisfactory as to warrant the warm congratulations that were offered to the accomplished lady who presides over this educational establishment. During the evening there were evidences that the several eminent vocalists, who, having left the academy, are now established singers, would in time be supplemented by the younger aspirants then revealing talents more or less matured. Indeed, the first soloist of the evening, Miss Florence New, attracted the attention of the audience, by the exercise of a contralto voice of no common quality, in Mendelssohn's air "But the Lord is mindful" (*St Paul*). So much promise was shown that the excellence, which comes from study, was thought fairly to be within the student's reach. Indisposition prevented Miss Skinner adding to the list of "first appearances," occasions which always excite the interest of auditors, and never fail to secure their sympathies. Miss Fanny Moody at once put the audience into that pleasant state of mind which the manifestation of abundant means never fails to bring. Her pretty-toned voice, finding no difficulty in the trying air "I will extol Thee" (Sir Michael Costa), fairly revelled in the florid passages which make such demands upon the higher parts of the soprano register. When such ability is seen in one so young it requires little gift of prophecy to foretell a brilliant career. Miss Amy Foster, already emerged from the state of pupilage, has been singing lately with some success in the provinces, and her rendering of Handel's "Up the dreadful steep" (*Jephtha*) justified the favour so liberally bestowed upon her. Still more firmly established in public esteem is Miss Hilda Coward—a young lady who has passed with acclamation the ordeal which concerts at the Crystal Palace present. Her singing of the trying air "Jours de mon enfance" (*Pré aux clercs*), Herold, was marked by refinement and expression, as well as freedom and accuracy. Indeed, the ease with which her voice answers every call made upon it must, of necessity, keep her from the danger of forcing it, an error which large buildings at the present time often lead the young singer into. The violin *obbligato* was played by Miss Winifred Robinson, a pupil of M. Sainton at the Royal Academy. This young lady has qualifications that will enable her to become violinist of no mean order. To an execution true and neat, she adds purity of tone and grace of style, which, with other merits, were conspicuously displayed in Wieniawski's "Polonaise in A." An aria, "La bella mea," composed by the late lamented Schira, was selected to give prominence to the artistic merits of Miss Mary Willis, a daughter of the renowned organ builder. Certainly the young singer managed to add a fresh lustre to the family name. Mlle. Tenna D'Arbour gained an enthusiastic encore for a capital rendering of "Come è bello" (Donizetti). The dramatic character of the aria was well presented, and the fervour of utterance appealed strongly to the auditors. Although each of the students who sang has an individuality of her own, yet the French lady has perhaps the most pronounced characteristics. The choruses were all remarkably well sung, Mdme Sainton-Dolby's composition, "The glove on the snow,"

receiving, on the part of the chorus, the greatest care and attention. Mr H. Leipold presided at the pianoforte, and M. Sainton conducted with musicianly skill and paternal care.

E. M. T.

#### Mario!

DIED DECEMBER 11TH, 1883.

Voice of the golden past! The Stage grows dark,

The End has come, and slow the curtain falls.

Mario is dead! It cannot be, for hark!

His name is echoed in repeated calls.

Long we have lost him, but fond memory slips

Back to the days his song so glorified;

His magic fame falls from a thousand lips—

Music grew dumb the day that Mario died!

Knight of the silver song! Who can forget

Your Almaviva?—for his beauty glows

In recollection—ah! the grand duet

With glorious Grisi in *The Huguenots*!

"Ah! mio Fernando!" that was song sublime,

And *Favorite's* ecstasy complete,

When, with a passion that has conquered time,

The tyrant sword fell at your noble feet!

King of the hearts of all! With folded arms,

As white-robed priest, by Leonora's cell

You stand in fancy, whilst the myriad charms

Come with love-music and your magic spell!

"Angiol' d'Amor!" that was the song you sung

In tragic torture of accented pain.

Mario, my Master, would that we were young,

To see enchanted women weep again!

Man of the deathless voice! How they will greet

The lost companion who returns to them—

Rubini and Giuglini, honey-sweet,

Will swell the chorus for your requiem.

When the last portals to be passed by men

Are fired with melody—amidst the glow

Song's immortality will triumph, then

Grisi at last will meet her Mario!

Punch.

DAVID, head of the *claque* for more than forty years at the Grand Opera, Paris, is dead. He was born on the 17th October, 1793, the day on which Marie Antoinette was executed. (*Comme, beau masque*.—Dr Blin.)

DRAMATIC CRITICS.—If all the dramatic critics were to follow the example of the gentleman who wrote the funny notice of Miss Anderson as Ga'atea in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, criticism would be a more arduous calling than it is. This extraordinary personage saw an act from his seat, and then appears to have rushed round behind the scenes to see what he could pick up in the way of information. Having the luck to learn that an artist had been to the green-room, seen Miss Anderson, and "pulled the drapery more fully round the upper arm," he came back again, and did little eavesdropping near a group of critics, whose conversation he reports. A bit more of the play from the front, and then another rush behind the scenes, where he discovered the all-important fact that somebody had again been to Miss Anderson and "pinned up the dress in front." It is really sad to find a journal like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which used to occupy a good position—which indeed seriously adopted the programme of Thackeray's imaginary *Pall Mall* and professed to be written by gentlemen for gentlemen—descending to the worst tricks of low class American papers. It is a critic's duty to criticise a play, and not to report who pinned up a lady's dress in front, and who pulled her drapery about.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

LEIPSIC.—The following was the programme of the eighth Gewandhaus Concert: Part I. *Die Tageszeiten*, "Concertante in four Movements for Chorus, Piano, and Orchestra," by Joachim Raff (first time. Pianist, Mdme Ann Clark-Steiniger, from Berlin). Part II. *Song of the Parce*, for Six-Part Chorus and Orchestra, Johannes Brahms (first time); Symphony, No. 4, D minor, Schumann.

## THE REDEMPTION.

At the time when a sea-port is beginning to flourish, and ships turn their bows to and fro, and commerce increases, that the sea should, from some mysterious cause, gradually ebb and disappear, leaving a harbour choked with sand, forsaken marts, grassy streets, and a decayed town, is melancholy enough—a symbol of promise, in short, not borne out by events, serving to illustrate the case of those who have raised hopes destined for non-fulfilment. A generation ago, M. Gounod had produced work that, more or less, betokened genius. But, after reaching highwater mark in *Faust*, the tide of the French composer's inspiration was arrested, then failing him, fell lower and lower at each ebb never to return. Of this sequence of phenomena, *Cinq Mars*, *Polyeucte*, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, may be cited as instances. And in addition to these we have now the *Redemption*, styled by its author "Opus mea vita." M. Gounod does not seem alive to the fact that his latest attempt at music creation proves that he has in some measure lost the faculty of music speech—happily, be it said,—the consciousness of lost power being a torture too keen for endurance.

Appended to his own commentary on *The Redemption* is a note by M. Gounod to the effect that he wrote the words and composed certain fragments of the music when sojourning at Rome with his friend "Hébert, the celebrated painter, at that time director of the Academy of France." In Paris art-circles, M. Hébert is celebrated chiefly for being an artist of questionable talent, and for obtaining, nevertheless, fabulous sums for pictures. At the *salon* of '78, or '79, a picture by this artist was exhibited representing apparently an eastern lady. A slight examination of this canvas, covered with dark oily pigment and shining with varnish, sufficed to show that the work was equally devoid of drawing, modelling, light and colour. A critic might not go far wrong in adopting similar terms to describe the more ambitious attempt of M. Hébert's friend. *The Redemption* is, emphatically speaking, formless; design and structure are absent; what melody it reveals is for the most part trivial; while the harmony and orchestration are individual only insomuch as they demonstrate how M. Gounod has had recourse to devices with which he made us familiar long ago. The declamatory vocal passages frequently consisting in lengthy iteration of one note, and, still more frequently in slowly ascending chromatic scales, sound monotonous. With regard to these last, the intelligent writer of a critical analysis of the "oratorio" observes that the character of their accompaniment "need not be indicated, since the subject almost imperatively limited it to a conventional form." Quoting the same authority when he refers elsewhere to these same chromatic progressions, "extracts . . . . would serve but little purpose, there being neither form to illustrate nor salient points of commanding importance to show." The words italicised may well apply to the whole work. Of the three parts into which M. Gounod's oratorio is divided, the second is perhaps less tedious, if only because it contains one number evincing the spontaneity of its composer's prime. We allude to a chorus in C major, and its too brief orchestral introduction, the melody whereof is large, impressive, and full of spirit, but, like its companion numbers, wants development. A theme, ever recurring like a barren *leit-motif*, is the so-called typical melody of the Redeemer. Considering the pretensions alike in his divine and human capacity thus set forth, it is a matter for surprise that M. Gounod, comparatively feeble though his music has become, should not have been able to conceive something more dignified.

Concerning the performance which I had the advantage to hear at the Albert Hall, little need be said. The audience, numerically strong, were never roused to enthusiasm, save when Mdme Albani was encored after singing a high note. Further exemplifications of "modern oratorio" after this pattern are in my humble opinion undesirable. One such in a period may surely suffice.

W. H. ELIOT.

MEININGEN.—In consequence of a misunderstanding with Hans von Bülow, Franz Mannstädt has resigned his post of Ducal *Capellmeister* and intends returning to Berlin.

ODESSA.—According to letters from this place, Mdme Sophie Menter has made a great impression here. Her first concert is declared to have been, in every respect, a "colossal success," as was, also, the second. Never, we are told, had Odessa heard such piano-forte playing before.

## NEW YORK SUNDAY NIGHT CONCERTS.

*(From a Correspondent.)*

There were two Sunday night concerts last evening. That at the Metropolitan Opera House was tremendous in its array of artists and instruments, purely operatic in its selection of music, and altogether satisfactory in the performance. The immense building was filled in those portions set apart for the public. A review of the programme is hardly necessary. The artists were Signor Novara, Mdme Lablache, Signor Kaschmann, Mdme Trebelli, Signor Stagno, Mdme Fursch-Madi, Signor Mirabella, Mdme Scalchi, M. Capoul, Signor Cavazza, and Signor Del Puente. Rarely is such an array of talent presented at one concert, and as rarely do so many artists appear simultaneously in excellent condition. Signor Stagno, after "Il mio tesoro," was recalled; the success of the evening, however, accruing to Mdme Trebelli, who delivered the famous "Brindisi" from *Lucrezia Borgia* as we have never heard it before. At the conclusion the audience cheered, and for a few moments the uproar was little short of deafening. It is doubtful if any artist has come before us of recent years possessing the gift of charming both connoisseurs and public like this variably accomplished lady, who, it may easily be credited, was recalled and encored after her unique performance. Nearly all those who assisted in the programme came in for their share of public approval. The entertainment closed with the vivid march from the *Prophète* of Meyerbeer, a military band aiding in the *ensemble*.

At the Casino opposite there was an excellent programme, in which Signor Ricci, Mdme Pappenheim, Signor Galassi, Signor Falletti, and Mdme Pattini took part.

## MR AND MDMÉ BODDA'S ACADEMY.

Mr and Mdme Bodda gave concert (for the purpose of exhibiting the proficiency of their numerous pupils) at their residence, Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, on Wednesday evening, December 19th. It "goes without saying" that a large and fashionable audience filled the handsome rooms of "Bonally," and we can conscientiously add that high praise must be given to the excellent professors who have brought so many youthful voices to as near perfection as could be obtained from the resources at their command. The pupils were heard to advantage in various choruses, including the late Henry Smart's "Rest thee on this mossy pillow," Lord Mornington's "Here in cool grot," and "The Cuckoo," by Dr Ferdinand Hiller (of Cologne). These were given in the first part of the programme, the second part being devoted to Balfe's melodious cantata *Mazepa*, cleverly adapted for ladies' voices—by whom, however, was not stated. The excellent training of the pupils was conspicuous in the chorus "See! where the Count comes," the "Revenge" chorus, and the *finale*, "Long live Mazepa!" The solos were entrusted to Miss Gertrude Nunn and Miss Annie Lea, together with Mrs Balfour and Miss Phillips (?), amateurs who did full justice to the beautiful airs with which the cantata abounds. Among the attractive compositions rendered in the first part of the programme were Milton Wellings' "Dreaming" (Mrs Peyton); "The Old Cathedral," by Pinsuti (Miss Emma Walter); Rossini's famous duet from the *Stabat Mater*, "Quis est Homo" (Miss Annie Lea and Miss Gertrude Nunn); "This is my dream" (Miss Sprenger); as well as the cavatina from *Norma*, "Casta Diva," and the *aria* from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, "O mio Fernando," both exceptionally well sung respectively by Miss Annie Lea and Miss Gertrude Nunn. Besides these favourite vocal pieces, Mr Pritchard, Miss Nunn, and Miss Gertrude Nunn varied the entertainment by playing a movement of a cleverly-written trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Mr F. E. Baché. Mdme Bodda (Miss Louisa Pyne), Mr Pritchard, and Mr Bodda accompanied the songs, Mr Bodda also conducting the choruses with vigour and precision.

## PROFESSORIAL LATIN.—Dec. 13, 1883.

"*Nomen*" (quoth Jowett) "*vobis approbadus*"—  
"But p'rhaps in Latin you'll not understand us;  
"So, in plain English,"—All that followed after  
Was lost (*quid mirum?*) in a roar of laughter.

Convocation, Oxford.

J. W. B.

PADUA.—Having written to the composer and obtained his permission, the shareholders of the new theatre here have called it the Teatro Verdi.

## FUNERAL OF MR RICHARD DOYLE.

In the Roman Catholic Cemetery of Kensal Green the body of Richard Doyle was on Monday laid to rest. The walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as many an *édition de luxe*, have testified that the fame of his dainty and charming pencil has never been diminished; though his popularity, once so wide, may possibly have dwindled among the many who seek little of art, and who hold in their hands from week to week the premier comic serial, without knowing or caring that the quaint cover bears the pencilling of Richard Doyle. It is a great mistake to say that Doyle, not under the actual need of working professionally, did but little. As the *Tablet*—organ of the faith in which he lived so conscientiously and died with so firm and simple a trust—says “he did more than is generally known, disposing of a large number of pictures privately, while his house was full of his work.” The funeral procession, which consisted of a car drawn by two horses, and followed by two mourning coaches, and a few private carriages, started from the residence of the deceased, Finborough Road, Kensington, about half-past nine o'clock. The coffin, of polished elm, with bronze brass mountings, and a breastplate bearing the inscription, “Richard Doyle, born 1826; died Dec. 7, 1883, R.I.P.,” over which was spread a black velvet pall, with white silk bordering, was taken into the mortuary chapel, where mass was celebrated by the Rev. R. Gallwey, who also read the burial service. The remains were then conveyed to the place of interment, and when lowered into the grave, flowers wrought in emblematic forms, amongst them a beautiful floral tribute of respect and esteem sent by the Marchioness of Bath, were showered upon the coffin by the hands of sorrowing relatives and friends. Mr James Doyle, the artist and antiquarian, author of *The Chronicle of England*, and Mr Henry Doyle, C.B., director of the Irish National Gallery (brothers of the deceased), Mr J. Doyle (nephew), and Mrs Doyle were the chief mourners—the pall-bearers being Messrs J. H. Polen, Elliot Rankin, Herbert, R.A., Chas. Kent, Holman Hunt, and W. Richmond. The attendance was not numerous, owing, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather and the early hour fixed for the funeral. Amongst those present were Mesdames Poynter and Holman Hunt; Messrs Frederick Locker, Poynter, Comyns Carr, Charles Hallé, Charles E. Hallé, W. R. Rawlinson, and Freshfield.—D. T.

“A friend in New York,” says ‘Rapier’ of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, “who has attended nearly all Mr Irving’s performances in that city, writes to me as follows:—‘Louis XI. The Bells, The Merchant, and The Belle’s Stratagem have been a revelation to the playgoers and critics of this city. Never did an artist win his way so entirely by the force of his own power and individuality. New York was rather prejudiced against him than moved in his favour before he came; though both critics and the public are proverbially fair, they are always ready to give an artist a good show, and will stand by him if he pleases them. Irving has done more; he has delighted them. They follow every detail of his impersonations with the keenest interest; they applaud his greatest scenes with an enthusiasm hardly ever before witnessed in a New York Theatre. The actors who have been to see him are even more cordial (if that were possible) in their endorsements of him than the regular playgoer. ‘As for his staging,’ said an old actor-manager to me one day this week, ‘it will revolutionise the American method. Irving is not only a great actor—he is a great teacher.’ Mr Irving and Miss Terry went to visit Mr and Mrs Ward-Beecher for a few hours on Sunday. The famous preacher gave Miss Terry a beautiful ring. The tickets for the last nights of Irving’s engagement here are selling at as high prices as they commanded at first. Although the Star Theatre was no longer considered fashionable when Irving came here, it is crowded nightly with the best New York society. It was Wallack’s old Theatre. Irving has more than restored its ancient glories. London and New York shake hands over the famous actor’s success—it is an international event.’”

NEW YORK.—An evening of chamber music was given at Chipping Hall by the Philharmonic Club. A disturbance in the ordinary plan of the club was caused by the departure of Edmund Neupert to fill an engagement for three concerts in Chicago. His place at the pianoforte was filled on short notice by Mr Richard Hoffman without the slightest loss to the concert. Mr Hoffman played with a firm touch and nice intelligence, and much of the success of the concert was due to him. With Mr Arnold and Mr Schenck he played Rubinstein’s Trio in G minor, Op. 15, No. 2; and, with Mr Arnold, Grieg’s Sonata in F major, Op. 8, a tuneful and transparent work, with a strong dash of Scandinavian colour in its second movement. The club played, besides, a Molto Lento by Rubinstein, a Scherzo by Cherubini, and Beethoven’s Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4.—*Tribune*.

## MUSIC IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE MAINE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

*Lakmé* was favourably received at the Operahouse. The music of the first and second acts appears of better calibre than the last act, which seems altogether superfluous. The text and the scenes playing in India, the shifting of an old Brahmin and his fair daughter, the heroine, with her companions, a sort of Adalgisas, and their lovers red-coated English officers, seems somewhat baroque. The opera will rely necessarily upon the singer of *Lakmé*, whose trying part was splendidly executed and acted by Mdme Schroeder-Hanfstaelng, who was called before the curtain over and over again. Mr Candidus, her partner, indulged a little in going somewhat over the already high pitch of his work. Being slightly indisposed at the première, his gallant endeavour to do his duty as an officer and gentleman brought him on the sick list, and I am sorry to say he has leave of absence from singing. His part is meanwhile studied by Müller, the lyric tenor, whose fine *timbre* and sweet voice I sincerely trust will not split on this rock. The ballet and *mise-en-scène* were very appropriate. The orchestra and chorus under the *bâton* of Desso were excellent as usual. The opera did not please so much as the same composer’s *Le Roi l’a dit*, given some years ago with Mdle Hofmeister (now in Dublin), and Wiegand (le roi) now in Vienna. Delibes telegraphed from Paris thanking for the good interpretation of his opera.

Vogl, the Wagner singer, “par excellence,” has delighted opera-goers, after Lohengrin, with Tannhäuser, Siegfried and Sigmund. His last *début* will be Adolar.—Strakosch is adding to his recitals a *matinée* at the Operahouse for the benefit of the pension funds of the united theatres.

A repetition of Cherubini’s *Wasserträger*, with Goltermann as *chef d’orchestre*, attracted at the Operahouse an audience *en masse*, wholly different from the *Wagnerianer*.

The fourth Museum Concert presented two novelties: Camille Saint-Saëns’ A minor Symphony and Scènes Poétiques (1, Dans les bois; 2, Dans les champs), by Benjamin Godard. The tenor Götz, from Cologne, sang the air from *Euryanthe*, “Wehen mir Lüfte,” and two numbers (first time in the sacred halls of the Museum) from *Die Meistersinger*. Mozart’s E flat symphony finished a very delightful concert.

Mdle Schröder, from Brunswick, candidating for the post of *première soprano* in lieu of Mdle Krauss, who will shortly join Kapellmeister Seidl at Bremen in matrimonial bliss, had chosen in some unaccountable way Carmen as first *début*, although she acquitted herself very fairly. Carlo Broschi in Auber’s *La part du diable* to-night no doubt will suit her better. D.

## DEATH OF BALFE’S SISTER.

The youngest and favourite sister of our distinguished native composer has passed away. With the exception of an occasional visit to her talented brother, Amelia Balfe (Mrs N. Dodd) has all her life resided in Dublin. She followed the profession of music successfully as a vocalist and teacher of singing up to about 1879, was principal contralto in the Antient Concert Society when established by Mr Joseph Robinson, and was a member of the choir in Westland Row Chapel for several years. An asthmatic affection—to which she has at last succumbed—obliged her to discontinue her calling. On each visit of Balfe to Dublin Amelia was his first object of discovery. The next was “the old fiddler,” as he familiarly entitled his old friend Levey, the result being in general some very pleasant evenings, at which the last new songs of the author of *The Bohemian Girl* made their first appearance—retiring, unobtrusive, and to a degree domestic. Amelia Dodd avoided public recognition to any extent, and she has passed away deeply regretted by her relatives and friends, and leaving a kind and affectionate husband—to whom she was for many years happily united—to deplore her loss. We may add that on the occasion of one of his visits Balfe composed the song *The Blighted Flower* expressly for Amelia, dedicating it to her, and presenting her with the profits, which were not inconsiderable.—*Freeman’s Journal*, Dec. 5.

MR W. G. CUSINS.—The Royal Academy of St Cecilia, Rome, before which Mr Cusins played a trio of his composition, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, have unanimously voted him an honorary member of the Academy, and have requested a repetition of the trio.

## RICHARD DOYLE (IN MEMORIAM).

Dropt the wizard pencil, resting  
That unchilled, untiring hand !  
Should some sorrowing Fay come questing  
From the Court of Fairyland,  
Come inquiring among mortals  
For another fit to pass  
Through those dim sequestered portals,  
Fit that realm to type and glass,  
Of its wealth to be possessor,  
Humour's harvest, Fancy's spoil,  
Where should she find right successor ?  
To unrivalled Richard Doyle ?  
Why must so fine necromancy  
Know the arresting touch of death ?  
Why must world-delighting fancy  
Bide at last the icy breath ?  
So love asks with noble folly,  
Running o'er his mimic world,  
Creatures winsome, quaint, and jolly,  
Arabesquely blown and twirled  
From his pencil point profusely,  
Scattered like the flowers of Spring,  
Lightly, lavishly, and loosely,  
When Doyle's wit is on the wing.  
On the wing ! 'Tis ever on it,  
All unlike the little bard  
Who excogitates a sonnet  
After labour long and hard.

He is no pedestrian plodder,  
Double-handed he deals out ;  
Whimsies wilder, brighter, odder  
Never swarmed in Fancy's rout.  
Drayton's old *Nymphidia* never  
Was more populous of whims  
Than the limbo opened ever  
When this wizard dreams and limns.  
" Wood-notes wild " the analogues are  
Of his quaint and elfish crew.  
Who makes question if the rogues are  
Anatomically true ?  
They're alive and love-inspiring,  
Which some fresco-frights are not ;  
Age with childhood comes admiring,  
Cold correctness counts " great rot."  
Living fun and fancy spoil us  
For the coldly critic strain ;  
'Gainst them Academic Zoilus  
Blows his counterblasts in vain.  
Not the imps of Elf-land merely  
Populate his pictured page ;  
Who drew bow more keenly, queerly,  
At the follies of his age ? [ness,  
Winged with whim, and tipped with wild-  
Straight withal his arrows flew ;  
Satire sharp with genial mildness  
Mingled in the world he drew.

Thackeray's Colonel fits his pencil,  
But his sharper skill can shape,  
Sans long nose or tail prehensile,  
Cad, or snob, or human ape.  
Turning o'er his own past pages,  
*Punch*, with tearful smile, can trace  
That fine talent's various stages,  
Caustic satire, gentle grace.  
Feats and freaks of Cockney funny—  
Brown, and Jones, and Robinson ;  
And, huge hive of Humour's honey,  
Quaint quintessence of rich fun,  
Coming fresh as June-breeze briary  
With old memories of our youth—  
Thrice immortal *Pipe's Diary* !  
Masterpiece of Mirth and Truth !  
Olden ties unknit too quickly,  
Take new charm as we review  
Fancy's wit-world thronged so thickly.  
More, who has so much to do,  
Might, one dreams, give longer tether  
Unto lives that keep so young.  
Heads of wood and hearts of leather  
Freely in his way are flung.  
No ! He will not long be cheated  
Of the choicest of his spoil,  
To the further shore has fleeted  
Fancy's favourite—" DICKY DOYLE."

Punch.

## SIGNOR MARIO.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR.—It will be a satisfaction to many if you can find space for a few lines of loving tribute to the memory of Signor Mario, as the warm and disinterested friend rather than the man whose extraordinary talents and wonderful voice are acknowledged in your article of to-day.

His almost childlike simplicity of character, and his open-handed generosity in the days of his prosperity, may easily be confounded with selfish extravagance by those who only saw a fortune made and lost.

Alike in the noon tide of his triumphs, and when, as in later days, he was in straitened circumstances, unostentatious and unselfish generosity were a leading feature of his life. His great talents, which might, had he chosen, have raised him to a high position in painting and sculpture, were not more remarkable than the gentleness of his nature and his thoughtfulness for others. He was on most subjects unusually well informed ; and, though naturally of a retiring disposition, he was ever the brightest and cheeriest companion with those whom he knew well.

There are not a few among that inner circle of friends who are now mourning his irreparable loss who can endorse this tribute to a man whom to know was to love.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR POWYS VAUGHAN.

1, Neville Street, Onslow Gardens, S. W., Dec. 12.

Wagner's *Walküre* was recently performed for the first time at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe, Mailiac and Staudigl distinguishing themselves as Brünnhilde and Wotan, respectively.

The students of the School of Dramatic Art had two speech days last week, at which the performances showed a marked improvement during the past six months, and the development of considerable talent, in some of the young ladies especially. The admirable training of Mrs. Dallas-Glyn's class was exemplified in the case of Miss Lenore, who, in the *Maid of Mariandorf*, showed something more than remarkable promise ; and the tender pathos of Miss Pullan's Ophelia was remarkable. Mr Horace Wigan's class showed elements of comic power in two young men ; and the Hubert of Miss Vincent was intelligent and charming. Within the past year there have been upwards of eighty students at the school, of whom twenty are already fulfilling engagements in London and the country at fair salaries.

## FACTS IN FRAGMENTS.

On Saturday, the last concert before Christmas was given at the Crystal Palace. It opened with Haydn's well-known Symphony, No. 2, of the Salomon set, the characteristic instrumentation of which was never more thoroughly exemplified. After having given to the world more than a hundred similar works, the wonderful old man writes twelve more, to which he himself affixes the word "Grand." It was a part of Salomon's engagement, when he brought Haydn over from Vienna to London, that he should produce these works. One can fancy hearing Salomon say "I think, sir, that you will never improve upon these symphonies ;" and the reply of Haydn's, "I never mean to try." Thank Heaven we have still audiences who can revel in their wholesome beauties. Unquestionably much of that which passes for music now-a-days is but poor stuff. On Saturday we had a "concerto for pianoforte," by Mons. A. Dupont, a Belgian composer, heard then for the first time in England and introduced to us by Mdme Frickenhaus. It would be wrong to say that the work is without melody, but in every movement there is too great an endeavour and striving to be original. Herr George Ritter sang the song from the first act of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, but it passed unrewarded, as there was not one hand of applause. The two orchestral sketches by John Francis Barnett are however intelligible and interesting. *The Ebbing Tide* is just what it professes to be—a tone picture ; and the pizzicato (given so frequently at the late Promenade Concerts) is well named *Efland*. The Theme is however well sustained, and the rapid execution of the violins on this occasion was so brilliant as to cause the whole movement to be repeated. Miss Thudichum is decidedly taking a high position in her profession ; her powerful voice and excellent method were never heard to greater advantage than in Weber's "Softly sighs." Her reception was as flattering as well merited.

PHOSPHOR.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Thalberg Scholarship was competed for on Monday, the examiners being Messrs H. R. Evers, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, Arthur O'Leary, Harold Thomas, Frederick Westlake, and the Principal (chairman). There were five candidates. The scholarship was awarded to Arthur Dace. The Potter Exhibition was also competed for on Monday. There were five candidates, and the exhibition was awarded to George John Bennett.—The Westmorland Scholarship was competed for on Thursday, and awarded to Eleanor Rees.

## ST JAMES'S HALL.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1883-84.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT BEFORE  
CHRISTMAS,

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 22, 1883,

*To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

The Programme will include Beethoven's Septet for Wind and Stringed Instruments; Schumann's Carnaval for pianoforte alone; Leclair's Sarabande and Tambourin for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment; and fragments of a Quartet by Mendelssohn. Exécutants—Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. Vladimir de Pachmann, L. Ries, Hollander, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti. Vocalist—Miss Santley.

Accompanist—Signor ROMILI.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—Mr W. G. CUSINS'S ANNUAL GRAND PERFORMANCE. HANDEL'S MESSIAH, at ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY NEXT, Dec. 24th, at Eight. Vocalists—Madame Elly Warnots, Madame Patey; Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, Orchestra and Chorus of 300 performers. Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS (who returns from Rome expressly to conduct this performance). Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at usual Agents, and Austin's Office, St James's Hall.

## BIRTH.

On Dec. the 11th, at Green Park, Bath, the wife of H. MILSOM, of a son.

## DEATH.

On Sunday morning, the 16th Dec., at 14, Beaumont Street, Oxford, CHARLES WILLIAM CORFE, Mus. Doc., formerly Organist for 35 years of Christ Church Cathedral, and 24 years Choragus of the University. Born July 13, 1814.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

## BRAHMS AND DVORAK.

THE 2nd December will probably be the great day in our present season, and shine as doubly red-lettered in the calendar of the "Philharmonicans." On that day Hans Richter gave us, in addition to Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture," which served as an admirable introduction, two grand novelties: a "Violin Concerto" by Dvorak (played by Ondricek) and the as yet unpublished Third Symphony of Brahms. A perfect feast—but rather for the delighted man and musician in us than for the critic, who had afterwards to say what Brahms' new Symphony was like and describe its various beauties. Now it is nothing either uncommon or incapable of explanation for the critic's eloquence to sink the deeper, the higher the composer has soared. Spoken language is not so much a poorer language as no language at all, with regard to music, for it cannot render the latter. This was, perhaps, felt less in former and more easily satisfied times. But if, at the present day, we read the best criticisms, which appeared immediately after the first performance of Beethoven's Symphonies and place ourselves mentally in the place of the first readers, we are compelled to confess that we have seen the announcement of some grand and beautiful music, but have gained no definite idea of its individual physiognomy. It was not till Beethoven's Symphonies had spread far and wide, and subsequent

critics were able to connect what they said with something the reader knew, to assume that the reader had himself heard and felt, that we were really taught anything by the admirable Beethoven criticisms of modern times. Brahms' Third Symphony in F major, performed on the 2nd December for the very first time, and still unpublished, has as yet no such bridge between the great mass of the public and criticism, and so the latter has to rely principally upon comparison with earlier and known works by the same master.

The Imperial *Capellmeister*, Hans Richter, when lately proposing a clever toast, gave the new Symphony the name of "Eroica." And, in truth, if we characterize Brahms' Symphony in C minor as "Pathetic" or "Appassionata," and the Second in D as a "Pastoral Symphony," the new Symphony, in F major, may aptly be styled "Eroica." But the epithet does not quite meet the case, for only the first movement and the third strike us as "heroic." In his C minor Symphony Brahms plunged, with the very first dissonant bars, into despairing passion and gloomy Faust-like speculation; the Finale, reminding us of the concluding movement of Beethoven's "Ninth," in no way changes, with its tardily achieved reconciliation, the essentially pathetic, nay, pathological, character of the composition, in which a suffering, morbidly-excited individuality finds expression. The Second Symphony, in D major, is a quiet and almost pastoral contrast to the first; while in the latter the thunder of the old Beethoven still rolls, we hear, in the former, from out the pleasing distance, the voices of Mozart and Haydn. Brahms' Third Symphony is really another new one. It repeats neither the mournful song of fate of the First nor the joyous idyll of the Second; its fundamental tone is conscious, deed-loving strength. The Heroic element in it has nothing warlike about it, and leads up to nothing tragic, such as the Funeral March in the *Eroica*. By its musical character it reminds us of the healthy energy of Beethoven's second period, and never of the singularities of his last; while, through everything else, there occasionally vibrates the dim romantic light of Schumann and Mendelssohn. The first movement (F major, *Allegro vivace*, 6/4) is one of the most important and most perfect things Brahms has ever given us. Magnificently, after two vigorous, dull chords of the wind instruments, does the theme of the violins energetically shoot down from above, to rise again on high immediately in its proud course. The entire movement was created in a happy hour and in one piece. His second motive, in A flat, simultaneously tender and impellent, blends in an incomparable manner with the whole. This movement, in its development, reaches a lofty and vigorous height; but, when nearing the end, surprises the hearer by making way for a gradually tranquilized tone, which dies out in gentle beauty. The two middle movements have no powerfully startling effects in store for the hearer, but invite him to peaceful repose. The slow movement is not "sad unto death," nor is the quicker one "exultant, heaven-high;" both move forward with easy moderation, and on a middle level of feeling, allowing the Tender and Graceful to be calmly developed. The "Andante con moto" (C major 4/4)—a very simple alternate strain for the wind instruments and the deeper strings, which latter take up, as it were, the refrain—might stand in one of Brahms' Serenades. The movement is short, without, properly speaking, rise or development, but surprises us in the middle by a succession of magical harmonies, sound-effects reminding us of the alternate play of softly sounding and differently tuned bells. The place of the Scherzo is taken up by an *Allegretto* in C minor (3/8), which has a passing touch of Mendelssohn about it, and which subsides with easy grace into that hybrid mood Brahms is so fond of introducing into his middle movements. The piece is very simply scored (without trumpets, trombones, or kettle-drums), being rendered effective more especially by the incisive grace of its middle part in A flat major. Despite all their radical difference, Brahms' First Symphony and his Third resemble each other in one point: their two middle movements appear, in purport and extent, somewhat small compared to the mighty pieces between which they are enclosed. The Finale (F minor, *Allegro, alla breve*) is another piece of the very first order, equal, if not superior, to the first movement. A low sound rolls towards us with a quick sultry figure of the deep stringed-instruments. This theme, which in subsequent performances will, probably, be taken somewhat more quickly, is by no means imposing at first, but very soon is developed in the

\* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

most grandiose manner. The weird-like sultriness of the commencement finds an outlet in a magnificent tempest, which elevates and refreshes us. The music rises higher and higher; the second theme, in C major, brayed out in mighty notes by the horn, soon makes way for a third vigorous motive in C minor, which storms onward with even greater power. When the movement has reached the height of this imposing development, every one probably expects a brilliant and triumphant ending. But with Brahms we must always be prepared for something unexpected. His Finale glides imperceptibly from the key of F minor into that of D major; the high-heaving ocean-waves calm down to a mysterious murmur—muted violins and tenors break, in lightly rippling passages of thirds and sixths, on the long sustained chords of the wind instruments, the whole sounding strange and mysterious, but wonderfully beautiful.

All this is, properly speaking, idle talk—the Symphony must be heard and not described; heard, but not read. The Aulic Counsellor in Immermann's *Epigonen* is not quite wrong, when he confesses that there is only one kind of conversation which he finds more wearisome than that about painting: conversation about music. It is certain that a few short examples in musical notation of the principal themes in the new Symphony would tell the reader more about it than all our description. As, however, Brahms runs over with surprises, and as what he develops from the motives is often a great deal more important than the motives themselves, a musical paper—and only such a paper can indulge in the luxury of examples in musical notation—would have gradually to print half the score and then refer us, after all, to the entire work. Another method, the poetically-pictorial, which renders the impressions received into a series of finished pictures, subjects for ballads, and chapters of romance, is repugnant to my conviction of the purely musical significance of an instrumental work; besides, I do not possess the "talent for sound-pictures," of which the otherwise unmusical Heine could boast, and which, a poet by the grace of God, he proved practically, in many a genial description of music, he possessed. Thus, nothing is left for me save simply to express my delight at the new Symphony, in which we have gained one of the most beautiful and ripest creations of modern instrumental music. Many persons may prefer the Titanic power of the First Symphony, and many the muffled grace of the Second—each of the three most certainly contains certain special beauties of its own—but the Third strikes me as artistically the most perfect. It is the most compact in form, the clearest in the details, and the most plastic in the leading themes. The instrumentation is richer in new and charming colour-combinations than it was in the two former Symphonies. For genial modulation, the Third Symphony is not inferior to the best works of its composer, and, in the art, most peculiarly his own, of most freely connecting different tempi and rhythms it possesses the recommendation of not achieving this at the cost of intelligibility. Clear and direct in its effect on the first hearing, it will pour forth, on the second, third, and tenth, from still more delicate and deeper sources, yet richer enjoyment for every musical ear. Once again have we come to the joyful conviction that Brahms' creative power is still unimpaired and full of life, and still putting forth fresh branches. What a picture of rich abundance is that presented by his labours for the last six years! Three grand Symphonies, the two Overtures, the Violin-Concerto, the second Pianoforte Concerto, the incomparable Stringed Quartet, and the C major Trio, the Pianoforte Rhapsodies, the "Nänie," the "Song of the Fates," and a blooming wreath of songs, in the intervals—is not the blonde Johannes one of the benefactors of the human race? The success of the new Symphony at the Philharmonic Concert was, also, in a material sense, most brilliant. The very first movement so excited the audience that Brahms was compelled to appear twice in answer to the calls for him, which seemed as though they would never end. Anybody who knows what exertions are needed to get him out only once, may imagine what must have been the impression made by the first movement. After the third movement he had to show himself once more, and after the Finale again and again. I could not get rid of the one idea, which I will not suppress here: If Schumann were only alive now!

Dvorak's new Violin Concerto (dedicated to Joachim), a work of fresh fancy delicately carried out, and entrancingly played by Ondricek, met with the warmest approbation. Its reception

would, probably, have been still warmer, had not Brahms' Symphony, which was awaited with the greatest interest, cast, as it were, its shadows before. Herr Ondricek, who by his execution of it proved himself a great master, has done well in repeating the work at his farewell concert, which will shortly take place. The first movement (A minor, allegro, 4/4) begins with a pithy theme, but becomes rather colourless and lengthy as it progresses, passing much too imperceptibly into the Adagio (F major 3/8), a beautiful piece, of a soft and dreamy character. The finale (A major, 3/8) pleases by its fresh and naïve joyousness; there is something of a Bohemian church-wake about it. Dvorak unites in the most happy manner national Slavonian touches with eminently German art. His music is the best "Policy of Reconciliation"; it is accepted unreservedly by Germans and Czechs. Herr Hans Richter, who, the Sunday before, on appearing at the conductor's desk, was received with long continued demonstrations of satisfaction, was rewarded on the present occasion, also, with the loudest marks of approbation. In the performance of Brahms' extraordinarily difficult Symphony, he once more proved his eminent talent as a conductor. Everything was so clearly set forth and rhythmically graduated with such delicacy, while, at the same time, it was accented with such warmth and spirit, that the composer himself could not wish to have his work better performed, and probably will never hear it performed better anywhere else.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

#### CONCERTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The evening performances have closed for the year, as will the afternoon concerts associated therewith on Saturday (this day). On the occasion first named, the programme presented no novelty, but the selection was of varied interest. The opening piece was Schubert's string quartet in A minor, the first of his several works of that class. As it had previously been given some scores of times, it will be sufficient now to say that its dreamy idealism and gentle grace, and the strong infusion of Hungarian character which more or less pervades it, seemed to have lost none of their charm. In strong contrast to the quartet was Beethoven's string trio, in C minor, a work of symphonic grandeur in conception and construction, and producing an effect that could scarcely be anticipated from only a violin, a viola, and a violoncello. That it is a favourite piece in the répertoire of these concerts may be inferred from this having been its tenth performance here. That it was finely rendered was a matter of course, the executants having been Mdme Norman-Néruda, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti; these artists and Mr L. Ries being the interpreters of Schubert's quartet. M. de Pachmann was again the solo pianist, his principal performance having been in Schumann's sonata in G minor, which was given with strong contrasts of power and delicacy; the latter quality was especially manifested in the andantino movement, and the former in the impetuous scherzo and the finale presto. The applause which followed the close of the sonata was acknowledged by playing an Etude of Moscheles, in which the pianist's rapidity of finger and refined touch were admirably displayed. Mr Santley sang in his best style Schumann's lieder, "Du bist wie eine Blume," "Ich grolle nicht," and Gounod's "Noel," the last with violin *obbligato* by Mdme Norman-Néruda. The second *Lied* of Schumann—finely declaimed as it was—produced a special effect, and was enthusiastically redemanded. Signor Romili was the accompanist. The concert this Saturday afternoon will include Beethoven's septet for stringed and wind instruments; M. de Pachmann will be the solo pianist, and Miss Santley the vocalist. There will as usual be but a brief cessation of these performances, the Monday evening concerts being resumed on January 7th, and those of Saturday afternoons on January 12th. Herr Joachim will be the leading violinist on February 25th, and until the close of the season.—D. N.

TUFNELL PARK CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Christmas Concert of this Society, which is doing such good service in the North of London, was held on Tuesday evening, December 18th, when a capital programme was presented for the entertainment of the friends invited. The conductor, Mr W. Henry Thomas, evinces a laudable desire to make the members and patrons of the Society familiar with the most deserving of the many new works issuing from the press. Indeed he seems to consider it a duty he owes to musical amateurs to place before them, as soon as possible, compositions heard in the autumn at one or other of the provincial festivals—stitutions that appear now to have a monopoly in the introduction of new works. Amongst several compositions of merit lately heard, that chosen for performance, Dr Stainer's sacred cantata, *St Mary Magdalen*,

is assuredly one of the most important, both in subject and treatment. From the training and occupations of the composer, one would have been led to anticipate a setting of the theme undistinguished by dramatic force, and it is therefore an unexpected pleasure to find Dr Stainer, without departing from the serious style prevalent in the church, able to address the feelings and emotions with success. Not that it can be said that anything like unbecoming triviality is at any time present in the cantata, for indeed the early numbers appear over-charged with sombre themes. This is more or less perceptible in Scene 1, "The Magdalen in the house of Simon." But here the monotony of grief is undoubtedly appropriate. The accents of the Magdalen, in the air "Ah! woe is me," seem laden with humility and repentance; while the burden of the chorus, "Come, ye sin defiled and weary" is in consoling response to the despairing cry. Throughout Scene 2, "Magdalen by the cross," a true dramatic force is ever present; particularly so in the chorus, "Let Christ the King descend." Here the exclamations of the Roman soldiers, mingling with the wailings of the holy women at the foot of the cross are graphically rendered. Again in the chorus, "Rest in peace," a just expression is maintained, affording admirable contrast to the restlessness of preceding numbers. It should be said, by the way, that a certain restlessness, shown in sudden and forced modulation, pervades the work. The 3rd part opens with a vigorous chorus, "Awake, awake." Many touches of pathos in the utterances of "The Magdalen" are heard, while the more and more confident addresses of the chorus bring the work to a peaceful consummation. The subject has been arranged and written by the Rev. Sparrow Simpson, in a most judicious manner. Considerable skill is shown in the plan and proportions of the theme; continuity being preserved while contrast affords relief. Availing himself of these advantages, the composer has produced a cantata of solid interest. At the performance of the work on Tuesday last, Miss Bailey sang the music allotted to "The Magdalen." Approaching the subject with due reverence and earnest feeling, she gave a pathetic rendering of the part, a quality in her singing that was greatly enhanced by a pure, fresh voice and unconventional style. Too much praise cannot be awarded the choir, who sang with correctness, intelligence, and enthusiasm; while Mr W. Henry Thomas seemed determined to make the most of the materials so bountifully placed at his command. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous: comprising Eaton Fanning's new dramatic chorus "Liberty," and selections from Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*. These works, having recently been performed, were given with freedom and spirit, and, by familiarity, appealed to the audience more forcibly perhaps than the previous work. The soloists of the evening, in addition to the lady already named, were Miss Argent, Miss Picard, Miss Youatt, and Miss Innes; Mrs Grylls and Miss Philps; Messrs Lyon, Powell, Wilkins, Puzey, Sutton, Grylls and Blackney. Mr Frank Lewis Thomas was the pianist, and Mr W. Henry Thomas conductor.—E. M. T.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.**—At the 220th *soirée musicale*, which took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at 36, Kensington Park Road, several new members were successfully introduced to the subscribers. Amongst the old members who took part were Mesdames Florence Grant, Nicolle, Nora Hayes, Devey, and Messrs Ria, Valentine, Hause, &c., Miss Carry Laurence recited, and Herr Schubert conducted.

**M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.**—The second recital of this distinguished pianist, on Wednesday morning, Dec. 19th, at St James's Hall, was as well attended as the first, the programme chiefly consisting, as before, of a round of minor studies by composers of the modern school, whose names, indeed, are rarely absent from schemes of the "recital" class. *Morceaux* by Schumann, Henselt, Brahms, Liszt, and Lambert, afforded M. Pachmann various opportunities for displaying those exceptional capabilities which he so eminently possesses for expounding music more or less representative of the forms and developments which a restless fashion has countenanced, and which habit has made palatable. In exemplifying this advanced school, M. Pachmann has no superior, as we had frequent proof in *Novelettes*, *Rhapsodies*, and other analogous effusions which constituted his illustrations upon the present occasion. Chopin, in several of his most ingenious and curiously contrasted aspects, was of course not omitted, for in this particular field of ultra-sentimentality M. Pachmann has made a name special to himself, and to sing his praises when he deals with the apostrophes of the Polish dreamer is nothing now but superfluous, though we may passingly say that the specimens he gave on Wednesday of the master he worships so devoutly and explains so carefully were, as usual, the perfection of earnest and sympathetic exposition. The names of Beethoven and Mozart were almost out of place in a programme so essentially devoted to the lights of a later date, but M. Pachmann,

we gratefully acknowledge, thought otherwise, and opened the recital with the "Moonlight" Sonata of the former, and the Rondo in A minor (Op. 71) of the latter.

**VICTORIA COLLEGE, BAYSWATER.**—A musical and dramatic performance of the pupils of this celebrated institution took place last week. It was fashionably attended, and afforded the highest gratification to a numerous audience. The pianoforte playing of Herr Eisold's pupils was exceptionally good. Herr Rappoldi (Concertmeister to the King of Saxony) kindly gave his assistance, and played the Romance from Gade's Violin Concerto in a most enchanting manner (ably accompanied by Herr Eisold), followed by a musicianly rendering of Sebastian Bach's Präludium and Fugue in G minor, for violin alone. Herr Rappoldi is acknowledged to be one of the most able performers of Bach's music. Mdme Liebhart and Mr Penna were the vocalists, both receiving great and deserved applause. Miss Daugars and Herr Eisold's pianoforte performances were much admired. Mr Lesingham, director of the college, is one of our best elocutionists, his admirable reading of Shakspeare's works being too well known to need comment, and his pupils fully evinced the care and skill bestowed on them by their able master.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Christmas performance of *The Messiah*, given under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé at St James's Hall, attracted a large audience. Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Enriquez, Mr Harper Kearton, and Mr F. King were the solo vocalists. With such capable principals, together with an efficient band and chorus, and a conductor knowing the score "by heart," our readers may be sure an excellent performance was the result, and that the audience went away perfectly happy and contented with all they had heard.

A CONCERT of Sacred Music was given in Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, on Tuesday evening, to a "full house," by the choirmaster, Mr J. H. Hicks, in behalf of a fund to provide Christmas dinners for the poor. The choir, largely composed of amateurs, deserve credit for their rendering of the various pieces, one especially meriting honourable mention—"Mortals Awake" (Dickson)—the solo parts in which were well given by Miss Jessie Coxall and Mr Thurgate. The feature of the evening was undoubtedly the appearance of Mr Sinclair Dunn, who gave, with much acceptance, "In native worth" (Haydn), and, for his second selection, "Where'er you walk" (Handel). Mr Richards also pleased greatly in "If with all your hearts" (Mendelssohn), and Mr Thurgate in "Arm, arm, ye brave" (Handel) showed himself to be the possessor of a good bass voice, capable of improvement by cultivation. A trio for strings, Sonata No. 9 (Corelli), by Messrs Johnson (violin), Parsonson (violincello), and J. H. A. Hicks (piano), met with much favour. Amongst the orchestra, which ably sustained the chorals, were Mr Seaman (cornet), Herr Jago (trombone), Mr Culpit (contra-bass), and Mr Johnson, leader of the violins. Miss Florence Coxall and Mr J. H. A. Hicks, a youthful pianist of promise, were the accompanists. The collection amounted to £22.

THE Christmas concert of the Endell Street Schools was given on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of Mesdames Sutton Sharpe, Tom Sharpe, R. E. Tyler and Horsley, Misses Clayton and Chatterton; Messrs Gardner, Egan, Spencer Tyler, R. E. Tyler, Preston, and W. O. Stanley, who contributed songs, solos on the pianoforte and harp, as well as "recitations," to the evident enjoyment of a large assembly of the inhabitants of St Giles's-in-the-Fields. Amongst the most admired songs were Wilford Morgan's "My sweetheath when a boy," Roeckel's "Lord Whittington," Mrs Sutton Sharpe's "The Refusal" (encored, and the same composer's "Pardon me" substituted), and Marzials' duet "Friendship," charmingly rendered by Mrs Sutton Sharpe and Mrs R. E. Tyler.

THE newly-formed All Saints Choral Society gave their first concert on Tuesday evening, December 11th, under the conductorship of Mr Benjamin Wells, R.A.M. Mr Wilford Morgan's cantata, *Christian the Pilgrim*, was selected for the occasion, the performers being Misses Eva Wells and Spark, Mrs Hodgson, Miss T. Currie, Messrs E. and H. Monson, and Dr Furnivall, together with a chorus of forty.

THE Musical Artists' Society gave their thirtieth performance of new compositions on Saturday evening, Dec. 15th, at Aberdeen House, 7, Argyll Street, Regent Street, on which occasion several very clever works were given to a crowded audience, which was lavish in its praise and applause. The concert commenced with a quartet in C major, for two violins, viola, and violincello, (F. Adler,) performed by Herr J. Rosenthal, MM. E. Halfpenny, W. H. Hann, and Edmund Woolhouse—a composition of merit, but for the want of a better rehearsal its performance was not quite satisfactory; we should prefer a second hearing. Next came a grand *scena*, "Medea in Corinte," the music and words by Mr

George Gear, sung by Miss Edith Ruthven (pupil of Mr Händel Gear), who did full justice to this very excellent work, and displayed her well-trained voice to great advantage. The *scena* possesses great dramatic effect, and in its composition Mr G. Gear has shown decided talent. It was extremely well accompanied by the composer on the pianoforte, condensed from the orchestral score. Both composer and vocalist were recalled. Then came a *Sonata Piacevole*, for flute and pianoforte, composed by Chas. E. Stevens, a very clever composition, admirably played by Herr Oluf Svendsen and Mr C. E. Stevens. Two well-written songs followed by W. J. Bailey, "The Rainy Day" and "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest" (Longfellow's words), sung by Miss Kate Heath, accompanied by the composer. The second part of the concert consisted of a sacred cantata (with orchestral accompaniments), by J. Parry Cole, *By the Waters of Babylon*, containing an introduction, several solos, concerted pieces, and choruses, which were sung by a select number of vocalists. In his cantata Mr Cole has shown very considerable ability as a composer. It was well executed and much applauded. Altogether, the new compositions tended to show rapid improvement in our native composers.—A. B.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—At the head of the list of donors to this institution, and against the date 1759, stands the illustrious name of Handel, who bequeathed to its funds the munificent sum of one thousand pounds. Since then the Royal Society of Musicians has held the great Saxon in grateful remembrance, and every year lays on his tomb a fresh wreath by performing his grandest sacred work, the *Messiah*. It may be said that this sort of gratitude is considerably tempered by the spirit of money-making; but the society, we believe, loses rather than gains through the observance of a very proper custom. The *Messiah* concert is "complimentary" to subscribers, and must, therefore, primarily be reckoned as a tribute to its most distinguished member and benefactor. The performance for the present year took place last Friday night, Dec. 14, in St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr Randegger, who occupied the post filled last year by Mr Barnby, and in many previous years by Mr W. G. Cusins. There was a large audience, from whom the immortal work received the homage of that sustained attention which remains, and ever will remain, its due through all changes of musical faith and practice. Mr Randegger had under him a large and competent orchestra, including no fewer than forty-nine members of the society, prominent among whom were Messrs Carrodus (leader), Zerbini, Hann, Ould, White, Svendsen, Horton, Clinton, Harper, Smith, and Dr E. J. Hopkins (organist). From this the excellent work done by the band may be imagined. Indeed, the *Pastoral Symphony* was exquisitely played, the pianissimo repetition of the first theme being simply perfect. The chorus did not attain so high a level. Gathered from various quarters it had the faults inseparable from that condition. On the other hand, we need scarcely say that the music was sung with a confidence born of entire familiarity. Only unity was lacking. The solos were apportioned amongst Miss Santley, Miss Anna Williams, Madme Fassett, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Hirwen Jones, Mr Lucas Williams, and Mr Brereton; the two Welsh vocalists taking the places which Mr Arthur Thompson and Mr Lewis Thomas were through illness unable to occupy. Miss Santley began the soprano recitatives with apparent nervousness, but her delivery of "Rejoice greatly" and "Come unto Him" had all the qualities of style and execution that we have so often praised. She was loudly applauded by the discerning, not only for actual merit, but for the promise of taking high rank as an oratorio singer. Madme Fassett's delivery of "He shall feed his flock" did not conceal its art, and was a fine piece of vocalisation, while Miss Wilson, in "He was despised," found success easy to win. Mr Lucas Williams showed much good judgment and vocal skill in the earlier bass solos, but the truest Handelian singing of the evening was that of Mr W. H. Cummings, whose rendering of the "Passion" solos was instinct with all the higher qualities of artistic work. Mr Randegger, knowing by heart Handelian traditions, conducted admirably, and left room only for question as to whether the tempo of "All we like sheep" was not too quick.—D. T.

FLUTE AND PIANO RECITALS.—The six recitals given conjointly by Mr Rickard, the pianist, and Mr Collard, the flautist, with the assistance of other flautists (including Miss Cardigan and Mr Barrett), and several vocalists (with Miss Clara Myers, Miss Jeanie Rosse, and Miss Beasley, among the number), proved remarkably successful. The Grosvenor Gallery was the scene of the performances; and that they gave general satisfaction is sufficiently proved by the favourable manner in which they have been noticed by the daily and weekly press. The *Times* of Monday gave a long and highly appreciative account of the final concert; which, the same evening, was made the subject of the following article in the *St James's Gazette*:—At the sixth and last of the interesting flute

and piano concerts given by Mr Rickard representing the latter, and Mr Collard representing the former of these instruments (which go singularly well together) Mr Collard distinguished himself by playing on his instrument the whole of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. If it should occur to any critical purist to point out, what is already sufficiently well known, that Mendelssohn's violin concerto was composed for the violin, he might be told in reply that all kinds of works are performed in pianoforte reductions which were originally written for the orchestra; and that genuine music, like the incomparable concerto of Mendelssohn, can, though written expressly for one solo instrument, be performed, given a competent performer, with good effect on another. Mr Lazarus could play the said violin concerto as successfully on the clarinet as Mr Collard plays it on the flute; though it would be a mistake, no doubt, to attempt it on the guitar or the ophicleide. We have heard it, by the way, on the violoncello; and the beautiful adagio of the second movement came out well, though not the rapid finale. Mr Collard, however, should be judged as a flautist by his performance of flute music, of which a considerable amount has been written for him by our best composers, including Sir George Macfarren, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr J. F. Barnett, and Mr Frederic Clay. Nothing shows more clearly than this the estimation in which his talent is held by the heads of the musical profession. Of Mr Rickard's ability as a pianist, and especially of his power to grapple with the most difficult music that has been or probably (regard being had to the capabilities of the instrument) can be written for the piano, we have spoken quite lately. His performance of Liszt's ingenious but terrible arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* overture is a feat of musical gymnastics and athletics, before which many a pianist of great executive power would fairly break down. On the other hand, Mr Rickard plays with much expression such pieces as Heller's pianoforte arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges"; and he gave an admirable performance at one of the concerts of the "Invitation to the Waltz" discarding Tausig's perversion as played by most modern pianists, for the beautiful original of Weber himself.

#### PROVINCIAL.

CHELTENHAM.—On Saturday afternoon the Rotunda was again crowded, the fifth of the Promenade Concerts containing two or three features of special interest. Perhaps the most noticeable—says the *Gloucestershire Echo*—were Ricardo Linter's pianoforte selections. In the first part he played, in his usual excellent style, Novelette in F (Schumann), Rondo (Beethoven), and a Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Liszt. Each piece enabled Mr Linter to show his command over the instrument, and obtained for him a hearty round of applause. In the second part he played an original Fantasia on National Melodies, a brilliant composition, making full use of the liberty accorded to this form of writing, which was exceedingly well received. It leaves the beaten track of fantasias on national melodies by introducing two, three, and five concurrent airs, and by a clever *fugetta* on "My Love is but a Lassie yet."—The Pianoforte Recitals of Mr Linter's pupils was attended on Tuesday by a large audience, who were evidently much pleased with the proficiency manifested by the fair pianists in their performance of various compositions—difficult though some of them were—with a precision and skill evidencing careful and artistic instruction, and a just appreciation of the music placed before them, which was sufficiently varied in subject and style to test the attainments and capabilities of the respective players. Mr Linter took part in three or four duets for two pianofortes, which added considerably to the gratification experienced from the other numbers in the programme.

EDINBURGH.—Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley gave his second organ recital on Thursday, Dec. 13, in the University Music Classroom, which was filled with a large and brilliant audience. The programme was choice and representative—says the *Daily Review*—and such as was calculated to display Sir Herbert's finer qualities of method as an organist, as well as the wonderful resources of the instrument, comprising a hymn by Luther, selections from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, a Haydn Symphony, a Bach fugue, an adagio movement by Beethoven, a march by Merkel, and a minuet of his own composition, entitled "In Olden Style." The quaint character of the leading melody of the latter, with its frequent recurrence in infinite variety of form and quality of tone, so charmed the audience that its repetition was insisted upon; but it was in the Haydn Symphony and Mozart's Mass that the audience was most deeply impressed. A prelude and a fugue in C major, by Bach, were played with creditable smoothness and finish by a student, who was favourably received.—On Saturday afternoon a concert was given in the Freemason's Hall, by Mr Kirkhouse's private choir, in aid of the Summerbank Home for Little Children. The choir numbers fully sixty, many of them well-known amateurs, and is particularly evenly

balanced. A small but efficient orchestra supplied the instrumental accompaniment. Mr Kirkhope's programmes are always drawn from the best sources, and on this occasion the choral works consisted of Mendelssohn's "Fest Gesang," and "Hear my Prayer," and part third of Schumann's *Faust*, with contralto and tenor solos by Pergolesi and Mendelssohn, and piano-forte solo pieces by Schubert and Schumann.—The third of the Choral Union Concerts took place on Monday evening, when an Edinburgh audience had an opportunity of hearing the great French pianist, Madme Montigny-Rémaury for the first time. Particulars in our next.

BIRMINGHAM.—The third of Mr Stratton's series of chamber concerts took place on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, in the Masonic Hall. The programme, as usual, presented an attractive diversity of classic and novel selections. The following were the pieces performed:—Quartet in C, Op. 59, No. 3 (Beethoven); piano-forte solos, "Mignon" (Gade), "Nel Giardino" (Rinaldi), "Lungo il Viale" (Rinaldi), "Al Torneo" (Rinaldi); Quintet, for piano and strings (Field); Sonata in G, for piano-forte and violoncello (Praeger); Octet in C, Op. 176 (Raff). The performers of Beethoven's Quartet were Messrs Ward, Abbott, Priestley, and Owen; and the piano-forte solos by Gade and Rinaldi were rendered by Mr Stratton; with all the delicacy and refinement of style the enterprising director of these enjoyable concerts is well known to possess.

LIVERPOOL.—PRESENTATION TO MR W. H. JUDE.—On Saturday, December 15th, Mr W. H. Jude, the popular organist and principal of the Liverpool Organ School, was presented by the pupils of his piano-forte class with a handsome silver-mounted inkstand of polished oak, in the form of a railway wagon, and a set of writing materials, including knife, pencil, and paper-knife. The present was accompanied by a beautiful Christmas card, and an address with the signature of several of the students of the school. The table on which the articles were set out was adorned with holly and choice camellias. The spontaneity of this expression of feeling on the part of the pupils is another instance of the great respect and esteem in which Mr Jude is held, and we may mention that a few months ago a similar presentation was made by the students in his organ class.—*Daily Post*.

OXFORD.—The Musical Society gave an excellent performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 13th. The principal soprano part was well rendered by Madme Clara West (of London), who had frequently to respond to the heartiest applause. The other solo parts were well sustained, mostly by local talent; and the band and chorus acquitted themselves admirably under their able conductor, Mr R. Horsley. There was a very good attendance on the occasion.

NOTTINGHAM.—At M. Guilmant's organ performance on Friday evening, Dec. 14, the interest of the recital was his "Improvisation" on a theme composed by Mr Henry Farmer, and handed to him in the artists' room just as M. Guilmant was returning to the platform at the conclusion of the first part of the programme. This—says *The Guardian*—was perceptible in the organist's manner of approaching his task. For some time he carefully played portions of the manuscript, and, as it were, examined their power, judging of their capacity for enlargement and variation, when, having satisfied himself, and in his mind formed a plan for extension, he boldly attacked the written *motif*, delivered it in its entirety in unison on the full organ, and speedily showed its potentiality and his power of building it up into a work of extraordinary strength and beauty. The answering phrases, and the little musical annotations as the subject progressed, were all delineated with care and precision, and in what might be called the peroration, as well as throughout, the original theme was heard dominating and controlling the whole until the conclusion, when, in a majestic series of chords, the improvisation came to a natural and appropriate close. The enthusiasm of the audience, who would have had more of it if they could, was a sufficient testimony to the skill of the performer and the high character of the melody submitted for extempore treatment.

EDINBURGH.—The fifth annual social meeting of the Edinburgh University Students' Club took place on Tuesday night, December 18th. The event is always looked forward to with interest, and a brilliant audience assembled in the Waterloo Rooms in response to the invitations of members of the club. Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley, on being called to the chair, expressed on the part of the Students' Club a warm greeting to the guests. Until quite lately, he said, it had not been customary for students to come prominently forward from a social point of view, or at least as entertainers of citizens, and the occasions of their public appearances were almost confined to rectorial or other university addresses, or to the gallery of the theatre, when the academic music extemporised, both vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular, was cast in a more primitive mould or form than that which they hoped to hear that evening.

The increased intercourse, both amongst students and with the public, which was gained by social meetings such as these, was a matter for congratulation, and certainly added to their popularity. Both the concerts and balls which were now given were held in special estimation. Frequent opportunities of meeting together were needed in universities in which the collegiate system did not exist, and in large towns like Edinburgh in which students were dispersed in wide directions, undistinguished by academic costume, often in uncomfortable lodgings, and alone. Sir Herbert Oakeley concluded by referring to the steps which had been taken for the formation of a University Orchestral Society. A very attractive and varied programme of music was then proceeded with, in a manner which showed most praiseworthy training and careful preparation.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

BRIGHTON.—A Recital of Pianoforte Music by eight young lady pupils of Mr Aguilar took place in the "King's Room" of the Royal Pavilion, on Saturday morning last. All the pupils had been evidently well trained, and executed the tasks allotted to them remarkably well, especially the young ladies who played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Chopin's Ballade in A flat, and Mr Aguilar's "Mazurke du Nord." We subjoin the programme in *extenso*, as it may interest many of our readers to know the class of music now in vogue by professors:—

Preamble (Bach); Prelude and Fugue in E minor (Mendelssohn); Fantaisie Impromptu (Chopin); Warum (Schumann); Aufschwung (Schumann); "Dreaming" (M. Wellings, B. Smith); Prelude and Fugue in F (Bach); Sonata quasi Fantasia, "The Moonlight" (Beethoven); "Last Look," Romance (Aguilar); Polish Dance (Scharwenka); Ballade in A flat (Chopin); L'Invitation pour la danse (Weber); Rhapsody, No. 1 (Brahms); Marche de nuit (Gottschalk); Nocturne in B (Chopin); La Fileuse (Raff); Mazurke du Nord (Aguilar); Les Alouettes (Leschetizky); Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (Mendelssohn, Liszt); Non è ver (Mattei); Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 (Liszt); Etude in A (Thalberg).

Mr Aguilar began the recital by playing a Preamble, by Bach, and concluded it with Thalberg's Study in A. The room was crowded by the friends and relations of the pupils.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the last ante-Christmas concert this afternoon Beethoven's Septet is to be given for the 38th time in St James's Hall. This work seems never to lose its freshness.

MAJOR HENRY MAPLESON, 4th Lancashire Artillery Corps was gazetted on Friday, Dec. 14, Colonel 10th Auxiliary Artillery Corps (Shropshire and Staffordshire), Lancashire division, Royal Artillery. Colonel Henry Mapleson's appointment was made upon the recommendation of the Field Marshal the Commander-in-Chief and submitted to Her Majesty for approval by the Secretary of State in accordance with Section IX., paragraph 312, of the Army Regulations for the Reserve Forces.

NEWS OR RAGUER.—Our Monte Carlo correspondent writes to say that the following operas are going to be performed during the winter season: *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Faust*, *Aida*, and *Rigoletto*. The artists engaged are Fides-Drevier, Caroline Salla, Desvignes, Vergnet, Mirwinsky, Tecchi, Pandolfini, Bouly, Castelnary, and Raguier.

FREDERIC CLAY.—Few men who have ever known Mr Frederic Clay can have heard of his lamentable illness without sincere sorrow, and the hopes for his speedy and complete recovery will be most earnest. "Fred. Clay" was so gentle and kind, so tender and sympathetic, so eager to do any service for anyone who had or had not a claim on him, that his disappearance from his familiar haunts will be severely felt. I say "was" instead of "is" in speaking of him, but most happily the latest accounts of him are highly encouraging, and there is every reason to hope that he will be himself again. Let me mention one characteristic instance of Fred. Clay's goodness. When in the midst of his unceasing work for *The Golden Ring*, when every moment was precious, he heard that a clever young amateur musician had composed a waltz, and wanted it scored for orchestra. Clay met his friend, expressed a desire to look over the music, corrected and rearranged it, and gave it an amount of attention as if he had been a man of absolute leisure, glad of a little occupation. Furthermore, he arranged with a publisher for its issue; and this, be it remembered, when he was working so hard at his opera that he was bringing on this sad illness. Men of the sort are not so common that they can temporarily disappear without being sorely missed.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

## BARON HONOUR.

## ONE SIDE OF IT.

"A Peerage"? Well, and wherefore should you frown  
If titled I elect my name shall live?  
Thus is the Judge's, Bunker's, handed down.  
Why not the Poet's? Cease,—nor flout the Crown,  
That offers the one honour crowns can give!

## THE OTHER.

The passing echo of their ducal cheers  
Lends lustre to your life! Conceit sublime!  
Go to!—nor marvel at our rising jeers,  
Since the great spirits you should count your peers  
Sit on the splendid benches of all time!

Punch.

—o—

## WAIFS.

Signor Mario died in Rome on the 11th inst., and then and there passed away the last representative of great traditions, the last survivor of an illustrious school. "He was a man; take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." Peace be to his soul, and honour to his memory.—*Lute*.

"Audiences," says the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, "that kick about and complain of the waits between the acts often seem to think that the stage manager is chatting carelessly to somebody or other, and that the carpenters are lounging about giving a casual hand now and again towards the arrangement of the next set. But this is not quite the case. Mr H. Loveday, of the Lyceum, astonished me once by showing me what elaborate precautions are taken to ensure all possible speed. The time each scene takes in setting is most carefully calculated to quarter-seconds; each change is recorded in a book, and the utmost efforts are nightily made to beat the record."

Faccio has returned from Paris to Milan.

Ricci's *Ines* has been well received at Turin.

There has been a "Saint-Saëns Festival" at Angers.

The Politeama, Rome, has been sold for 150,000 liras.

The number of theatres now open in Berlin is fifteen.

On concluding her engagement in Rome, Donadio goes to Naples.

Heinrich Bötel has appeared as Manrico at the Stadttheater, Breslau.

Leslino has made a hit at the Hague as Hermosa in *Le Tribut de Zamora*.

Annette Essipoff has given some remarkably successful concerts at Orenburg (Russia).

Artôt-Padilla, her Husband, and Sarasate, the Spanish fiddler, will shortly visit Odessa.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been given at Pesth, with our favourite Turolla as the heroine.

Auguste, only son of the late composer Offenbach, died at Cannes on the 7th inst., aged 21.

*Marinella*, by Sinicco, has been given with applause at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste.

The Belgian composer, Van den Eeden, is writing a three-act opera, to be called *Barberini*.

Negotiations are still going on between Gayarre and the management of the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Mr William Dorrell has left Baker Street to pass the festive season at his favourite retreat in Sussex.

A new opera, *La Pasionaria*, with music by Cano, is in immediate preparation at Madrid.

E. Nessler's opera, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, has met with a favourable reception at Rotterdam.

William Müller is about to leave the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, at the end of the present theatrical year.

NEW YORK.—Ovide Musin will play the Mendelssohn Concerto and Bach's Prelude and Fugue for violin.

Pozzoni has made a favourable impression in Lisbon, the opera chosen for her first appearance being *Aida*.

Gaetano Coronaro, professor at the Milan Conservatory, is created Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Gudehus, Wagnerian tenor, from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, was lately singing at the Stadttheater, Mayence.

The brothers, Alfred and Heinrich Grünfeld, pianist and violin-cellist, have been giving concerts in Warsaw.

Gustav Hözel, formerly a member of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has died in that capital, aged seventy-one.

A new opera, *Der Pomposaner*, music and text by Max Leythäuser, editor of the *Würzburger Presse*, is playing at Würzburg.

A new opera, *Catarina da Vinzaglio*, music by Sig. Bartolomeo Pozzola, has been presented at the Teatro Sociale, Novara.

Ullmann, the well-known *impresario*, who is in a very weak state, lately had a serious fall, from the effects of which he is still suffering.

A new musical weekly paper, *The Keynote*, with F. Archer as editor, has been started in New York. (Bad luck to it.—Dr Blidge.)

*Les Huguenots* was the opera selected for the gala performance at the Teatro Real, Madrid, in honour of the Crown Prince of Germany.

Mdme. Mallinger, after a long absence from the stage, has appeared at the Stadttheater, Kiel, as Frau Fluth in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*.

Heinrich Vogl, the tenor, is fulfilling an engagement at the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on leaving which he will appear in Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, and Mayence.

Wagner's *Walküre* is in active preparation at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, where it will be brought out on the 1st March, between which date and the present there will be forty rehearsals. (At the most?—Dr Blidge.)

LONDON INSTITUTE.—Mr Carl Armbruster lectured on Monday evening on "Richard Wagner and his Works," giving vocal and instrumental illustrations. The audience was large, and applauded frequently. Mr Armbruster played several "transcriptions" from Wagner's works on the piano. Miss Friedländer, Mr Ritter, and Mr Thorndike were the singers.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—A meeting of the Executive and Finance Committees was held at the College, Kensington Gore, on Thursday week. There were present the Duke of Edinburgh (who presided), Prince Christian, Lord Charles Bruce, Sir John Rose, Sir Henry Thring, Mr Thomas P. Chappell, Mr E. W. Hamilton, Mr Charles Morley, Dr Stainer, and Sir George Grove (director).

The following operas are preparing in Italy for the carnival: *Giordano Bruno*, by Bartolucci, and *Fernando de la Cruz*, by Sancione, at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; *Il Conte Rosso*, by Rossi, at the Carlo Felice, Genoa; *Tito Vezio*, by A. Giovannini, at the Argentina, Rome; and *Don Luigi di Toledo*, by Cerioni, at the Gaffurio, Lodi. During the same season there will be fifty-nine theatres in Italy open for opera, as compared with seventy-one last year.

Messrs Duncan Davison & Co. have recently published two pieces, a Gavotte in D major and a Gigue in G major, by that accomplished pianist, Miss Lillie Albrecht, whose inexhaustible fertility as a composer is only exceeded by her earnest and indefatigable work, which always manifests an agreeable freshness and elegance. The first-mentioned *morecœu* is clear and well marked, while the latter displays skill, fancy, and musicianlike ideas, which are well carried out.—*News of the World*.

The earthquake at the Princess's is the theatrical sensation of the hour, and I am bound to say that it startled me considerably when I first saw it at rehearsal, for I had forgotten the gossip that the rumoured convulsion of nature had occasioned. It is certainly a wonderful example of stage mechanism, for though of course the whole detail is most carefully arranged, the chaos looks complete. No fewer than eighty men are engaged in the effect, and much depends on each of the four score. What next and next? Who will put on the stage anything that bears a moderate and reasonable resemblance to a troubled sea?

LADY BORTHWICK'S NEW DUET.—Messrs Chappell, of Bond Street, have just published a new duet, soprano and contralto, of moderate compass. The words, in French, are eminently poetical, and the character of the theme may be gathered from the title—"Bonne Nuit." The music is by Lady Borthwick. The treatment is simple, but most effective. The regard for the beauty and value of melody, which has always distinguished Lady Borthwick's musical thoughts, is apparent from the first note to the last. Each part is remarkably vocal, and the expression of the words is intensified by the music. The accompaniment is so ordered that the voices are well supported by rich harmonies, never overloaded with elaborate figures.—*Morning Post*.

GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday night a new musical piece by Mr Arthur Law and Mr A. J. Caldicott, entitled *A Moss Rose Rent*, was produced at Mr and Mrs German Reed's entertainment, St George's Hall. The action takes place in a gipsy encampment, and the title of the piece refers to the tenure by which a young gentleman is possessed of certain property, from which, as well as from the affections of his lady love, a scheming guardian endeavours to oust him. Mr Alfred Reed and Miss Fanny Holland

figure as gipsies, Mr Corney Grain as the guardian, and Mr North Home and Miss Marian Wardroper as youthful lovers. Both the music and the piece are well suited to a St George's Hall audience, and the German Reeds have added another attraction to their agreeable entertainment. *A Water Cure* (music by Mr George Gear) continues its successful career and concludes the evening with *éclat*.

## CHRISTMAS GLADNESS.

Christmas! what music dwells within the word!  
Awake, each heart, and catch the echoes clear.  
Let old and young alike to joy be stirr'd,  
As all its sweetness falls upon the ear.  
  
Christmas! when Heaven doth lowly bend o'er earth,  
To breathe all blessings mild of joy and peace;  
When gentle thoughts within the heart have birth,  
And discord doth, in love and kindness, cease.  
  
Though many seasons of the year there are  
That human spirits do with gladness hail,  
The fairest glory gilds the Christmas star,  
Whose tender beams of gladness cannot fail.  
  
This hallow'd day is dear in childhood's hour;  
'Tis precious, too, in youth's fair golden time:  
When life hath blossom'd into fullest flower,  
Men love to listen to the Christmas chime.  
  
In happy English homes meet dear ones now,  
And, as the Christmas glory gilds the scene,  
The seal of love is stamp'd upon each brow—  
An index to the faithful heart within.  
  
Whatever cares may o'er life's path be thrown,  
They shall not dim the lustre of to-day;  
With joy's glad song shall blend no minor tone—  
All shades shall vanish in Home's Christmas ray.  
  
And when, in years to come, Time's hand shall set  
Its seal upon the brow, and shadows grey  
Shall gather o'er our pathway, we shall yet  
Recall the Christmas gladness of to-day.

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SARAH ANN STOWE.

SYDNEY (Australia).—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, a grand concert was given at the Protestant Hall by Miss Pedley, assisted by Herr Max Vogrich and other eminent artists. Miss Pedley is, we believe, a native of Sydney, and before entering the Royal Academy of Music in London was known to the Sydney public as a talented member of the musical community. On returning to the colonies, after a course of vocal and instrumental instruction under Mdme Sainton-Dolby, the great contralto singer, and M. Sainton, the premier teacher of the violin, Miss Pedley gave an invitation concert in June, 1882, when by her vocal and instrumental performances, she gave evidence of great progress. Since that time Miss Pedley has given her valuable services to train others to sing for charities, in addition to giving her own services. Her concert on Tuesday attracted one of the largest audiences which have been seen in Sydney. She sang on this occasion Gluck's "Che faro," and played violin solos by Ernst, which were received rapturously.

BERLIN.—By imperial command Lortzing's *Undine* is being played at the Royal Operahouse, where, though thirty-eight years have elapsed since its production, it was never heard before. The audience were liberal in their applause. The cast included Mdlles Beeth, Horina, Herren Betz, Lieban, Krolop, and Ernst. The opera was conducted by Herr Radecke.—Martin Roeder's "Mysterium," *Maria Magdalena*, the production of which was heralded by more than the usual preliminary flourish, has been performed with a result very different from that anticipated. The "Mysterium," which the composer styles "a sacred action," or story, is generally pronounced dyspeptic; so wearisome, indeed, that many left the concert-room after the first part, and more after the second. The "Mysterium" was preceded by *Azorenfahrt*, a "symphonic poem," by the same composer. This was voted hardly less dyspeptic than the "Mysterium."—The programme at the fourth Quartet Evening of Herren Joachim, de Ahna, Wirth, and Hausmann, included the late Volkmann's Quartet in G minor, regarded by many connoisseurs as one of the best specimens, after Beethoven, of this form of musical composition. The other works were Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat major, and Beethoven's in F major, Op. 59.

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